

new furnace is being set up in the house.

W. Rogers is at home from Barre to Christmas.

Estell was in Barton Landing last day on business.

Cammett recently jammed his foot by a falling log.

There was a new piano placed in Erastus's house last Friday.

There was a Christmas tree at the F. B. last Monday evening.

George Erwin is home from Mont-Seminary for the holidays.

Stickney is clerking in F. D. Taylor during the holidays.

McQuirk of Waterloo, P. Q., is operator at the station at the summit.

Armstrong has moved to Batesville. He has employment in the veneer.

Archie Garland of Potton, P. Q., visited her aunt, Mrs. S. W. D.

George Bosley has finished running Asa's sawing machine and Chas. Estell taken his place.

George Courtney, who has been visiting other, Mrs. Myra Courtney, has returned to Fairfield.

Thomas Selby is considering putting in a market in the basement of the Jenkins block.

Lizzie Buck, who has been caring for Mrs. Ed Buck, has returned to her in East Charleston.

Miller and Jenkins are moving their from the Percy block to the block recently purchased of R. H. Rice.

TROY.

Phillips is working at North Troy.

Chandler is visiting her grandparents.

Mrs. Fred Buck of Newport in town Sunday.

Alice Gray has returned from a visit to Boston and vicinity.

Gilman of Newport spent Christmas here with her brothers.

Mrs. Eli Gilbert of Albany were B. Shanley's last week.

as Nellie Davis and Miss Helen Laurin pending a brief vacation at home.

as M. E. ladies gave an old-fashioned social at their church Thursday.

C. Camp and Isaac Wilson spent a few at the Wilson farm in Sutton, Quebec, ntly.

asonic Union Lodge held their regular Thursday evening, followed by a in their rooms.

ere was a prayer meeting at Rev. W. enness' Tuesday evening, the first of es of neighborhood meetings.

ere was a union Christmas tree at the odist church Saturday evening, in ection with pleasant exercises.

ere was an alarm of fire Tuesday after- noon, from the house occupied by Ernest ey on Mill street; fortunately it was out with slight damage.

WESTFIELD.

as Alice Miller is at Barton Landing.

J. Miller and wife of Newport visited own recently.

apt. A. W. Farman was in Newport on ices last week.

he Rev. M. W. Farman preached in by on Sunday, Dec. 25.

as Elizabeth Trumppas is home from Bristol school for a few days' vacation.

Whooping cough is prevalent among the idren, which causes a delay in opening village school.

W. B. Gilpin and Walter D. Bell visited loughly last week for the purpose of peeting the church.

Charles Gilbert has sold his span of ge horses to Skinner & French of Bar- on Landing, consideration three hundred enty dollars.

The Cong'l prayer-meeting was held at E. Wright's last Thursday evening. e next one will be held at W. B. Gil- 's next Thursday night.

A. B. Hitchcock has started his snow per again on the village sidewalks.

Mr. Hitchcock does this gratuitously should receive the gratitude of an ap- eciative public.

WESTMORE.

The Ladies' Aid society will meet with rs. J. P. Lyon, Thursday, for dinner.

ORLEANS COUNTY.

WEST BURKE.

Henry Gaskill recently lost a good horse.

Nellie Rugles is at home for the holi- ys.

Mrs. Lilla Bishop is working for A. W. rockway.

Madison Nichols' family have gone to unenburg.

Mrs. Bert Bishop has gone to Ontario on visit to her sister.

Mr. and Mrs. John McCallan of Glover e in town last week.

Col. Seaford of Burlington was the guest of r. and Mrs. Aldrich last week.

O. E. Roundy and family of Lyndonville eed Christmas with friends here.

Miss Margery Slayton is spending the olidays with her father, in Hardwick.

Mrs. Charles Barrows of Barton, has ean visiting her sister, Mrs. George Dean.

Miss Celia Spencer of Massachusetts is isiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. C. pencer.

Ray Rosebrook has gone to Fitchburg, ass., to work for his uncle, Lafayette Bowman.

The special revival meetings closed last ight. A good degree of interest has been awakened.

Alton Still, who has been working in St. Johnsbury during the summer, has returned home.

Miss Ida Smith, who has been working at East Haven, is at home and has been quite sick but is better.

Mrs. Blaisdell who has been visiting her brother, O. L. Leonard, has returned to her home in Concord, New Hampshire.

The revival meetings have been well attended and much interest is manifested, several have taken a stand for Christ.

Mrs. Aveline Beckwith has gone to Worcester, Mass., to spend the winter with her sisters, Mrs. Fowl and Mrs. Willard Smith.

The little ten months old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alvah Jenkins, died last Wednesday morning. Funeral services were held at the house, on Friday afternoon, Rev. C. C. Whidden, officiating.

The W. C. H. elected the following officers at their annual meeting: Pres., Carrie Roundy, Sen. Vice Pres., Louise Silsby, Jun. Vice Pres., Della Craig, Sec. Mary S. Otis, Treas., Angie Burns, Chap., Ada Silsby, Con. Margaret Porter, Guard, Mary F. Smith.

The angel of death visited our village last Wednesday, taking from the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins their little infant daughter, Anna Ethel. The funeral services took place Friday afternoon at one o'clock, Rev. C. C. Whidden officiating. Appropriate selections were sung by Mrs. Whidden and Miss Aldrich. The family have the sympathy of the entire community.

HARDWICK.

Dr. C. W. Bates is able to be out again after his recent illness.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Parks December 21.

Summer Darling is home from Montpelier for the Christmas vacation.

The Culture Club will hold a reception in Sons of Veterans' hall Jan. 3.

Mrs. Hanford of Coventry is visiting her son, Dr. O. E. Hanford, of this place.

A large number from here have been in St. Johnsbury this week attending court.

Mrs. Jackson has gone to New York to spend the winter with her daughter there.

There were Christmas trees at the Methodist and Baptist churches Saturday evening.

Bert Hooper is home from Connecticut where he is employed in an automobile factory.

Hardwick Grange held a box supper in their rooms here Dec. 23, which was much enjoyed by all present.

Edward Aiken has gone to Kellogg's Landing, La., to spend the winter with his brother, who is there.

The next number of the lecture course will be a concert by the Katherine Ridgeway Co. Wednesday evening, Jan. 4.

Wilmer Burnham, who lived about three miles from here in the town of Woodbury, was instantly killed at his home Dec. 21. He and Mr. Thompson were engaged in hauling manure.

The pile was frozen to a considerable depth and he had dug underneath, having formed quite a cavern, in which he was standing when the frozen top fell and he was buried beneath a ton or more of the frozen manure. It is thought he must have been instantly killed. He was about thirty-four years of age and unmarried.

EAST HARDWICK.

Little Rowena Nelson has been quite ill.

Henry Eldridge and family spent Christmas at Albany.

Mrs. Burton Swett died very suddenly Wednesday morning.

The Center school had Christmas exercises and a tree, Friday evening.

George Lovejoy visited his mother and sister at Winchester, N. H., the first of last week.

The stock and farming tools belonging to the Kellogg estate, were sold at auction Thursday.

SHEFFIELD.

Asa Barber is not as well.

Miss Annie Jerome is staying at Roy Brooks'.

Miss Alice Jenness is visiting in Lyndon Center.

O. H. Jenness is better. John Orcutt is also gaining.

Charles Chesley is cutting lumber on the Percival lot.

Loa Paige has been attending school at the village the past week.

Mrs. Augusta Pearl commenced school at the Square Monday, Dec. 19.

Mr. and Mrs. Perley Jenness of St. Johnsbury were in town for Christmas.

Mr. Kantel from St. Albans is a visitor at William Patten's. He will remain through the holidays.

Louise Roberts is here from Waterbury to spend the Christmas holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Roberts.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lamoureux and Joseph Bedard attended the funeral of Mrs. Joseph Daig in East Burke last Friday.

SUTTON.

Mrs. Maria Moulton has been very ill for the past few days.

Mrs. Lucien Still, who has been sick for several months is no better.

John Beckwith, who has been spending some time at Lyndon Center, has gone to Ludlow, Mass.

Fanny D. Hastings is having a vacation from her school at Newbury Seminary until after the holidays.

Mrs. Reese has been in poor health of late. Mrs. Mabel Smith is also ill with grip at the home of L. B. Wilson.

Abbie Chapman, Ella Parker and Herbert Burnham are having a vacation from Lyndon Institute until Jan. 3.

Several families on the South Ridge have recently had telephones put in, running from there to Lyndon Center.

All are invited to attend the oyster supper given by the Ladies' Aid Society at their hall this week Thursday evening.

Mary J. Willard, who is teaching in the Johnson high school and Ethel W. Chapman of U. V. M. are spending Christmas at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Forbes returned from Lancaster last week where they were called by the illness of Mr. Forbes' sister, Mrs. Irving Fellows.

Mrs. Albert Stoddard and her singing class, assisted by Miss Creola Sanborn, violinist, and Miss Ida Ingalls, gave a concert at the schoolhouse recently which was much enjoyed by those who attended. Miss Sanborn bids fair to be a violinist of no mean ability and always meets a warm welcome. Especial mention should be made of the two small soloists, Master Morrill Curtis, aged six years, and Miss Morra Richardson, aged five years, who each sang a solo in a very creditable manner.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN.

The Substitute

By WILL N. HARBEN.
Author of "Abner Daniel," "The Land of the Changing Sun," "The North Walk Mystery," Etc.

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"When what, darling?" Mrs. Cranston's lips were compressed, her eyes fixed half fearfully on the speaking countenance.

"When there are so many of God's creatures here in their shells of poverty and misery trying to rise, trying to grow out into the sunshine of life. I think I could be perfectly happy if I could only help those people in some way. I want to teach them, to encourage them, not to believe in their degradation. Mamma, just the other day I saw an old woman selling eggs from a wagon at the gate, and in the wagon was her daughter, poorly dressed, but her features were finely drawn, and when I stopped to speak to them the girl looked at me as if I were a princess. Oh, mamma, that sort of thing cuts me. I have not done anything to deserve that, and poor thing, what has she in store for her? Nothing but to fall into the sort of life her mother is leading."

"That's all true," agreed Mrs. Cranston, "but there are different grades of society, and we can't alter the condition." Then the speaker's face became more rigid, her tone tense and tentative. "And the mixing of the elements, my dear, she put in guardedly, 'sometimes produces sad complications. You remember how Hallie Dunwoody married beneath her in Lexington and that it actually killed her father and broke up a happy home?'"

"That was awful, simply awful!" remarked Lydia. "You know I saw her two months afterward, and the poor thing tried to keep me from recognizing her. She told me she was trying to adapt herself to the ways of her husband's family, but could not do it. Her husband meant well enough, but even he seemed unable to make it bearable for her."

Mrs. Cranston sat perfectly still; she seemed hardly breathing. She was very anxious to have her next remark seem casual.

"I have never heard you say before what you thought about that marriage, dear, but I never thought Hallie treated her father and mother right."

"No, she didn't," answered Lydia. "Hallie knew the extent of her father and mother's pride, and she had no right to crush it for her own selfish love. If she had sacrificed her own desires, and even those of her husband, she would have been happier in the consciousness of having done her duty. I don't think self sacrifice has ever brought about bad results—in the long run."

Mrs. Cranston breathed freely. She was all aglow as she bent and kissed Lydia good night.

Going down to the major, she said: "I've had a very, very satisfactory talk with Lydia—oh, no, not openly on that subject!" she hastened to correct as he raised his brows in surprise, "but in a roundabout way. We need not be afraid of her. If she cares particularly for George Buckley she doesn't know it, and if she should realize that she was drifting in that direction she would pull herself up."

"Well, I'm glad she's that sensible," said the major as his eye fell to the paper and began to search for a remembered paragraph. "I didn't think she was a fool."

CHAPTER XII.

KENNER was at the cotton compress the next morning watching the gang of negro hands compress and load several cars of cotton to be shipped to New England. This big piece of machinery and the extensive sheds and platform surrounding it belonged to Hillyer and stood directly across the railroad tracks behind the warehouse. When a bale of cotton was compressed there was a loud escapement of steam and a clatter of rough shod feet as the negroes hastened to bind and buckle the iron ties and truck the bale into the open car.

"Look out there, you triflin' scamp!" Kenner yelled to a negro who stood too near the descending press for safety.

"Who'd pay damages on that bale of it got stained through and through by havin' you mashed on it? Jake, it seems to me you get a green hand on every pressin' day."

"I tol' dat fool nigger to look out, Marse Kenner," replied Jake, who, with oared arms and neck and wet with perspiration, was bossing the others.

"Ef he git smashed ter a jelly I reckon he'll be more careful next time."

Just then old Hanks came out of the rear door of the warehouse and lazily picked his way across the cinder strewn tracks. He did not go round to the steps, but climbed on to the platform like a schoolboy.

"Jake, gi' me a match," he called out as he fished a cigar from his pocket and bit the end of it.

"Match?" snarled Kenner. "Ef that

coon handled matches around this platform I'd bust his skull."

"Well, I reckon I'll not smoke anyway," said Hanks, and he seated himself on a bale of cotton and took a small piece of tobacco from the pocket of his vest and began to chew it. "Say, Jim," he went on, "what do you think about the way Hillyer is actin' about wheat? Is he plumb losin' his mind?"

"I was jest a studyin' about that myself," replied Kenner. "It's quar to me."

"I reckon you don't feel like you are exactly a Solomon," smiled Hanks, "with the market at \$1.42, after all the row you made about him payin' \$1.05."

"Not exactly," and Kenner burst into a harsh but hearty laugh. "That's whar I was wrong, I'll admit it, but most o' what I said was jest to keep George from makin' a mistake. It don't do a young feller any good to start out with a record for bad judgment. But what's got me is Hillyer's quar excitement all along. Why, he is as nervous as he can be. It don't look like he'd be that a-way with all that profit on his rise. An' then, whenever there'd be a rise an' anybody advised 'im to sell, he'd always turn to George and ax 'im what about it—never knowed 'im that way before—an' whatever George would say went. But the old man is rattled bad this mornin'."

"You say he is?"

"Yes; I was in the office just now when he got the reports. Two brokers wired that the top notch price was \$1.42 and that nobody could predict whether she'd advance or decline. The old man was as white as a sheet as he handed the telegrams to George an' watched his face. That boy is simply wonderful. He's as cool as a cucumber in a barrel o' frozen vinegar. He's read every newspaper bearin' on wheat all over the country an' knows the thing from a to a iizzard. He's on to every grain that's exported, every flourin' mill that's shut down on account of the rise—in fact, every detail concernin' wheat in America an' everywhar else. I acknowledge I was excited just now watchin' the two. George didn't change countenance one bit; he jest sorter laughed an' said, 'Well, that's one thing certain, Mr. Hillyer, this strain ain't a-doin' you any good, an', as far as I'm concerned, I reckon we'd better try to unload.'"

"Good Lord, he said that, did he?"

"You bet, an' the old man got whiter an' more excited ef anything. 'Remember, it is jest with you, George,' he said. 'Tell me positive, would you sell right now if it was yore deal?'"

George hung his head a minute an' then he said: "Yes, Mr. Hillyer, since you leave it to me; I've hung on jest as long as I'm willin' to. It may climb to \$1.50 or even higher, but I don't want to risk it." Then the old man shot around the office like a dog after its tail, wirin' fer cash offers. I never seed the like. I tell you, old man, that's some'n at the bottom o' this."

"Whar' are they now?" asked Hanks. "They wasn't in the office when I come through."

"Both of 'em struck off uptown fer the telegraph office flectly split. They was too anxious to wait fer a messenger boy to bring the reports. Ha, that comes George now, long by Bob's store—see 'im?—an' right behind 'im is the old man. Did you ever see Hillyer walk like that? Let's go over to the office an' meet 'em."

Kenner and Hanks stood under the awning in front of the warehouse when George and the merchant arrived. They all went into the office together.

"You think Jacobs & Co. are the best to deal with, then?" the old man was saying eagerly. "Lord, my boy ef we slipped up now I couldn't stand it. We must trade with solid parties."

"Jacobs & Co. is all right," put in Kenner. "They are as good as the bank."

"Some banks ain't wuth shucks," said Hillyer. "Look 'em up, George. See what their commercial rating is."

George opened an enormous, green-covered book on the desk, ran over the pages for a moment and turned. "They are quoted from three hundred to five hundred thousand; credit A1," he said.

"Oh, yes, they are all right," said Kenner. "You'll get every cent they agree to pay. Don't you think so Hanks?"

Hanks shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know a thing about 'em," he responded slowly, "but ef it was my deal I would."

"Yes, you would," laughed Kenner who never met an occasion too serious for a stab at Hanks. "You'd know the sort o' socks they wore an' how the teeth was filled before they saw yore money."

"Ef I had any doubts about it at all," said Hanks, "I'd attach a sight draft to the bill o' ladin'."

"Bill o' ladin', you dried moker!" said Kenner. "This ain't no car o' scrap iron they are a-shippin'! It's fer ware houses full o' wheat all over the south an' west. They've got to trust some body long enough to git the stuff transferred."

There was silence for a moment. Hillyer looked as if he were on the verge of a nervous collapse. "I don't know what to do," he said in a plain voice, "and we've jest got to act."

"Oh, if you feel uncertain about it," said Buckley, "why not simply ask your bankers in New Orleans to make a cash transfer and wire you when it is closed?"

"Of course," gasped Hillyer. "That's the very thing. I'll run up to the telegraph office."

George followed him to the door and detained him in the sunshine on the sidewalk. "Is there anything wrong, Mr. Hillyer?" he questioned in much concern.

For a moment the old man gave him an almost frantic stare.

"I know you think I'm crazy," he said, "but I can't be calm when so

much is at stake. It seems to me, George, that ef this thing falls through without gain I'm lost forever. No; don't stop me. I'll tell you everything after awhile. Put them fellers off the track; tell 'em anything. It ain't none o' the'r business now."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Her Age.

A Brooklyn woman lately returned from Europe was describing to her husband, who had remained at home, her experiences with the customs inspectors who had taken her declaration in the cabin of the liner coming up the bay.

"When he asked me my age," she said, "I told him thirty."

"But, my dear," exclaimed the husband, "you're over thirty."

"I know it," she returned, "but do I look more?"

"No, you don't. That's a fact."

"Well," she concluded triumphantly, convinced that mere man was squelched once more by the force of feminine logic, "until I look more than thirty I'm going to be thirty, and I don't care for the old United States government and all its customs inspectors and declarations. They can't make me older than I look or want to be."

Brooklyn Eagle.

Important Testimony.

A witness was testifying that he had met the defendant at breakfast, and the latter called to the waiter and said—

"One moment," exclaimed the counsel for the defense. "I object to what he said."

Then followed a legal argument of about half an hour on the objection, which was overruled, and the court decided that the witness might state what was said.

"Well, go on and state what was said to the waiter," remarked the winning counsel, flushed with his legal victory.

"Well," replied the witness, "he said, 'Bring me a beefsteak and fried potatoes.'"

A Lesson In Boxing.

"What are you going to do, Henry?" asked Mrs. Updote as her husband unwrapped a pair of boxing gloves.

"I'm going to give Willie some lessons in self defense," he answered.

"Every boy should know how to take care of himself in an emergency. Come on, Willie. I won't hurt you."

Twenty minutes later Mr. Updote returned, with a hand up to his face.

"Get me a piece of raw meat to put on my eye and some arnica," he said.

"Why, you don't mean to say that Willie?"

"No, I don't. Of course I don't. I've discovered that the only way to teach that boy is with a strap."—New York

NOTICE.

Special Village Meeting.

The legal voters of the Village of Barton, are hereby warned to meet at Seaver's Opera Hall, in Barton, on the 3rd day of January, A. D. 1905, at 7 and one half o'clock p. m. to consider and act upon the following business:

1. To see if the Village of Barton, will vote to instruct its trustees, to sell, not to exceed two hundred horse power of electricity, at its station in Charleston, to parties in Newport and Derby, for the purpose of running a railroad and other purposes, the same to be only called for and used in the day time, and when not wanted for lighting purposes.

2nd. To act upon any other legal business, when met.